THE

POLITE PHILOSOPHER:

OR, AN

ESSAY ON THAT ART

WHICH

Makes a Man HAPPY in Himſelf,

AND

AGREEABLE TO OTHERS.

BERWICK:

PRINTED BY AND FOR W. PHORSON.

M.DCC.LXXXIII.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

THE

POLITE

PHILOSOPHER.

METHOD requires that, in my entrance on this work, I ſhould explain the nature of that ſcience to which I have given the name of POLITE PHILOSOPHY; and though I am not very apt to write methodically, yet, I think, it becomes me, on this occaſion, to ſhew that my Title is ſomewhat a propos.

FOLKS who are ſkilled in Greek tell us, that Philoſophy means no more than the Love of Wiſdom, and I, by the adjunction of *polite*, would be underſtood to mean that ſort of wiſdom which teaches men to be at peace in themſelves, and neither by their words or behaviour to diſturb the peace of others.

ACADEMICAL criticks may, perhaps, expect that I ſhould, at leaſt, quote ſome Greek ſage or other, as the patron of that kind of knowledge which I am about to reſtore; and, as I pique myſelf on obliging every man in his way, I ſhall put them in mind of one *Ariſtippus*, who was profeſſor of Polite Philoſophy at Syracuſe, in the days of the famous king Dionyſius, in whoſe favour he ſtood higher than even Plato himſelf. Should they go farther, and demand an account of his tenets, I muſt turn them over to Horace, who has compriſed them all in one line.

Omnis Arriſtippum decuit color, et ſtatus, et res.

Secure, his ſoul preſerv'd a conſtant frame,
Thro' ev'ry varying ſcene of life the ſame.

IN the court of the king of Sicily, this wiſe man enjoyed all the delights that would have ſatisfied a ſenſual mind; but it was the uſe of theſe which ſhewed him a true Philoſopher: He was temperate in them, while he poſſeſſed them, and eaſy without them, when they were no longer in his power. In a word, he had the in-

tegrity of Diogenes, without his churliſhneſs; and, as his wiſdom was uſeful to himſelf, ſo it rendered him agreeable to the reſt of the world.

ARISTIPPUS had many pupils, but for the regular ſucceſſion in his ſchool, it has either not been recorded by the Greek writers, or, at leaſt, by any of them that have come to my hands. Among the Romans, indeed, this kind of knowledge was in the higheſt eſteem, and that at the time when the reputation of the common-wealth was at its greateſt height. Scipio was leſs diſtinguiſhed by the laurels he acquired from foreign conqueſts, than by the myrtle garland he wore as a profeſſor in this art. The familiar-letters of Cicero are ſo many ſhort lectures in our ſcience, and the life of Pomponius Atticus, a Praxis only on Polite Philoſophy.

I WOULD not be ſuſpected to mention theſe great names, with an intent to diſplay my learning; far be it from me to write a ſatyr on the age: All I aim at is, to convince the Beaux Eſprits of our times, that what I teach they may receive without diſ-

paragement, ſince they tread thereby in the ſame road with the greateſt heroes of antiquity; and, in this way, at leaſt, emulate the characters of Alexander and Cæſar. Or, if thoſe old-faſhioned commanders excite not their ambition, I will venture to aſſure them, that, in this track only, they will be able to approach the immortal prince *Eugene*, who, glorious from his courage, and amiable from his clemency, is yet leſs diſtinguiſhed by his Rank, than by his Politeneſs.

AFTER naming prince *Eugene*, it would debaſe my ſubject to add another example; I ſhall proceed therefore to the taking notice of ſuch qualities of the mind, as are requiſite for my pupils to have, previous to the receit of theſe inſtructions.

BUT, as vanity is one of the greateſt impediments in the road of a *Polite Philoſopher*, and, as he who takes upon him to be a Preceptor, ought, at leaſt, not to give an ill example to his ſcholars, it will not be improper for me to declare, that, in compoſing this piece, I had in my eye that precept of Seneca, " Hæc aliis dic,

" ut dum dicis audias, ipſe ſcribe, ut dum " ſcripſeris legas." Which, for the ſake of the ladies, I ſhall tranſlate into Engliſh; and into verſe, that I may gratify my own propenſity to rhyming.

Speaking to others what you dictate hear;
And learn yourſelf, while teaching you appear.

THUS you ſee me ſtript of the ill-obey'd authority of a pedagogue, and are, for the future, to conſider me only as a ſchool-fellow playing the maſter, that we may the better conquer the difficulties of our taſk.

To proceed then in the character which, for my own ſake, as well as yours, I have put on; let me remind you, in the firſt place:

THAT Reaſon, however antique you may think it, is a thing abſolutely neceſſary in the compoſition of him who endeavours at acquiring a philoſophic Politeneſs; and let us receive it as a maxim, that, without Reaſon, there's no being a Fine Gentleman.

HOWEVER, to ſoften, at the ſame time that we yield to this conſtraint, I tell my blooming audience with pleaſure, that Reaſon, like a fop's under-waiſtcoat, may be wore out of ſight, and provided it be but worn at all, I ſhall not quarrel with them, though vivacity, like a laced ſhirt, be put over to conceal it: For, to purſue the compariſon, our minds ſuffer no leſs from Indiſcretion, than our bodies from the injuries of weather.

NEXT to this, another out-of-the-way qualification muſt be acquired, and that is, Calmneſs. Let not the ſmarts of the univerſity, the ſparks of the ſide-boxes, or the genteel flutterers of the drawing-room, imagine, that I will deprive them of thoſe elevated enjoyments, drinking tea with a Toaſt, gallanting a Fan, or roving, like a butterfly, through a patterre of Beauties: No, I am far from being the author of ſuch ſevere inſtitutions; but am, on the contrary, willing to indulge them in their pleaſures, as long as they preſerve their Senſes. By which I would be underſtood to mean, while they act in character, and ſuffer not a fond inclination, an aſpiring

vanity, or a giddy freedom, to tranſport them into the doing any thing, which may forfeit preſent advantages, or entail upon them future pain.

I SHALL have frequent occaſion, in the following pages, to ſhew, from examples, of what mighty uſe Reaſon, and an Undiſturbed Temper, are to men of great commerce in the world, and therefore ſhall inſiſt no farther on them here.

THE laſt diſpoſition of the ſoul which I ſhall mention, as neceſſary to him who would become a proficient in this ſcience, is Good-Nature, a quality which, as Mr Dryden ſaid in a dedication to one of the beſt-natur'd men of his time, deſerves the higheſt eſteem, though from an unaccountable depravity both of taſte and morals, it meets with the leaſt. For can there be any thing more amiable in human nature, than to think, to ſpeak, and to do, whatever good lies in our power unto all? No man who looks upon the Sun, and feels that chearfulneſs which his beams inſpire, but would rather wiſh himſelf like ſo glorious a being, than to reſemble a

Tyger, however formidable for its fierceneſs, or the Serpent hated for his hiſſing, and dreaded for his ſting. Good nature may, indeed, be made almoſt as diffuſive as day-light; but ſhort are the ravages of the Tyger, innocent the bite of a Serpent, to the vengeance of a cankered Heart, or the malice of an envenomed Tongue. To this let me add another argument in favour of this benevolence of ſoul, and farther perſuaſions will, I flatter myſelf, be unneceſſary: Good-nature adorns every perfection a man is maſter of, and throws a veil over every blemiſh which would otherwiſe appear. In a word, like a ſkilful Painter, it places his virtues in the faireſt light, and caſts all his Foibles into ſhade.

THUS, in a few words, Senſe, Moderation, and Sweetneſs are eſſential to a Polite Philoſopher: And if you think you can't acquire theſe, even lay my book aſide; but before you do that indulge me yet a moment longer. Nature denies the firſt to few, the ſecond is in every man's power, and no man need to be without

the laſt, who either values general eſteem, or is not indifferent to public hate. For to ſay truth, what is neceſſary to make an honeſt man, properly applied, would make a polite one; and, as almoſt every one would take it amiſs, if we ſhould deny him the firſt appellation, ſo you may perceive from thence, how few there are, who, but from their own indiſcretion, may deſerve the ſecond. It is want of attention, not capacity, which leaves us ſo many brutes; and, I flatter myſelf, there will be fewer of this ſpecies, if any of them can be prevailed upon to read this piece. A deſcription of their faults is to ſuch the fitteſt lecture, for few monſters there are who can bear viewing themſelves in a glaſs.

Our follies, when diſplay'd, ourſelves affright,
Few are ſo bad, to bear the hideous ſight.
Mankind, in herds, thro' force of cuſtom ſtray,
Miſlead each other into error's way;
Purſue the road, forgetful of the end.
Sin by miſtake, and without thought offend.

MY readers who have, perhaps, been many of them accuſtomed to think Politeneſs rather an ornamental accompliſhment,

than a thing neceſſary to be acquired in order to an eaſy and happy life, may, from thence, pay leſs attention than my inſtructions require, unleſs I can convince them they are in the wrong. In order to which, I muſt put them in mind, that the tranquillity, and even felicity of our days, depends as ſtrongly on ſmall things as on great; of which men may be eaſily convinced, if they but reflect how great uneaſineſs they have experienced from croſs accidents, although they related but to Trifles; and, at the ſame time, remember, that Diſquiet is, of all others, the greateſt evil, let it ariſe from what it will.

Now, in the concerns of life, as in thoſe of fortune, numbers are brought into, what are called, bad circumſtances, from ſmall neglects, rather than from any great errors in material affairs. People are too apt to think lightly of ſhillings and pence, forgetting that they are the conſtituent parts of a pound, until the deficiency in the greater article ſhew them their miſtake, and convince them, by fatal experience, of a truth, which they might have learned

from a little attention, viz. that great ſums are made up of ſmall.

EXACTLY parallel to this, is that wrong notion which many have, that nothing more is due from them to their neighbours, than what reſults from a principle of honeſty, which commands us to pay our debts, and forbids us to do injuries: whereas a thouſand little Civilities, Complacencies, and Endeavours to give others pleaſure, are requiſite to keep up the reliſh of life, and procure us that affection and eſteem, which every man, who has a ſenſe of it, muſt deſire. And in the right timing, and diſcreet management of theſe Punctilios, conſiſts the eſſence of what we call Politeneſs.

How many know the general rules of art,
Which unto tablets human form impart?
How many can depict the riſing brow,
The noſe, the mouth, and ev'ry feature ſhew?
Can, in their colours, imitate the ſkin,
And, by the force of fire, can fix them in.
Yet, when 'tis done, unpleaſing to the ſight,
Tho' like the picture, ſtrikes not with delight:
'Tis ZINK alone gives the enamell'd face
A poliſh'd ſweetneſs, and a gloſſy grace.

EXAMPLES have, generally ſpeaking, greater force than precepts; I will therefore delineate the characters of *Honorius* and *Garcia*, two gentlemen of my acquaintance, whoſe humours I have perfectly conſidered, and ſhall repreſent them without the leaſt exaggeration.

HONORIUS is a perſon equally diſtinguiſhed by his Birth and Fortune. He has, naturally, good Senſe, and that too hath been improved by a regular education. His wit is lively, and his morals without a ſtain.——Is not this an amiable character? Yet *Honorius* is not beloved. He has, ſomeway or other, contracted a notion, that it is beneath a man of honour to fall below the height of truth in any degree, or on any occaſion whatſoever. From this principle, he ſpeaks bluntly what he thinks, without regarding the company who are by. Some weeks ago, he read a lecture on female hypocriſy before a married couple, tho' the lady was much ſuſpected on that head. Two hours after, he fell into a warm declamation againſt Simony and Prieſtcraft, before two dignitaries of the church. And, from a conti-

nued courſe of this ſort of behaviour, hath rendered himſelf dreaded as a monitor, inſtead of being eſteemed as a friend.

GARCIA, on the contrary, came into the world under the greateſt diſadvantages. His Birth was mean, and his Fortune not to be mentioned: Yet, though he is ſcarce forty, he has acquired a handſome eſtate in the country, and lives on it with more reputation than moſt of his neighbours. While a Servitor at the Univerſity, he, by his aſſiduities, recommended himſelf to a noble lord, and thereby procured a place of fifty pounds a-year in a public office. His behaviour there made him as many friends as there were perſons belonging to that board. His readineſs in doing favours gained him the hearts of his inferiors, his deference for thoſe in the higheſt characters in the office, procured him their good will, and the complacency he expreſs'd towards his equals, and thoſe immediately above him, made them eſpouſe his intereſt with almoſt as much warmth as they did their own. By this management, in ten years time, he roſe to the poſſeſſion of an office, which brought him in

a thouſand pounds a-year ſalary, and near double as much in perquiſites. Affluence hath made no alteration in his manners. The ſame eaſineſs of diſpoſition attends him in that fortune to which it has raiſed him, and he is, at this day, the delight of all who know him, from an art he has of perſuading them, that their pleaſures and their intereſts are equally dear to him with his own. Who, if it were in his power, would refuſe what *Honorious* poſſeſſes? and who would not wiſh that poſſeſſion accompanied with *Garcia*'s diſpoſition?

I FLATTER myſelf, that, by this time, moſt of my readers have acquired a tolerable idea of Politeneſs, and a juſt notion of its uſe in our paſſage through life: I muſt, however, caution them of one thing, that, under pretence of Politeneſs, they fall neither into a Contempt or Careleſſneſs of Science.

A MAN may have much learning without being a Pedant: Nay, it is neceſſary that he ſhould have a conſiderable ſtock of Knowledge, before he can be Polite.

The gloſs is never given till the work is finiſhed; without it, the beſt wrought piece looks clumſy: But varniſh over a rough board is a prepoſterous daub. In a word, that rule of Horace, 'Miſcere u-'tile dulci,' ſo often quoted, can never be better applied than in the preſent caſe, where neither of the qualities can ſubſiſt without the other.

With dreſs, for once, the rule of life we'll place,
Cloth is plain ſenſe, and poliſh'd breeding lace,
Men may, in both, miſtake the true deſign,
Fools oft are tawdry, when they would be fine.
An equal mixture, both of uſe and ſhow,
From giddy fops, points the accompliſh'd beau.

HAVING now gone through the Præcognita of Polite Philoſophy, 'tis requiſite we ſhould deſcend with greater particularity into its ſeveral branches.

FOR tho' exactneſs would not be of a piece, either with the nature or intent of this work, yet ſome order is abſolutely neceſſary, becauſe nothing is more unpolite than to be obſcure. Some philoſophers have, indeed, prided themſelves in a my-

ſterious way of ſpeaking, wrapping their maxims in ſo tough a coat, that the kernel, when found, ſeldom atoned for the pains of the finder.

THE polite Sage thinks in quite a different way. Perſpicuity is the garment in which his conceptions appear; and his ſentiments, if they are of any uſe, carry this additional advantage with them, that ſcarce any labour is required in attaining them. Graver diſcourſes, like Galenical medicines, are often formidable in their figure, and nauſeous in their taſte. Lectures from a doctor in our ſcience, like a chymical extraction, convey knowledge, as it were, by drops, and reſtore ſenſe, as the other does health, without the apparatus of phyſick.

Harſh to the heart, and grating to the ear,
Who can reproof without reluctance hear?
Why againſt prieſts the gen'ral hate ſo ſtrong,
But that they ſhew us all we do is wrong?
Wit well applied, does weightier wiſdom right,
And gives us knowledge, while it gives delight.
Thus on the Stage we, with applauſe, behold,
What wou'd have pain'd us from the Pulpit told.

IT is now time to apply what we have already advanced, to thoſe points in which they may be the moſt uſeful to us; and therefore we will begin by conſidering what advantage the practice of them will procure, in reſpect to thoſe three things, which are eſteemed of the greateſt conſequence in the general opinion of the world. This leads me, in the firſt place, to explain the ſentiments and conduct of a Polite Philoſopher, in regard to Religion. I am not ignorant, that there are a multitude of thoſe who paſs both on the world and on themſelves, for very polite perſons, who look on this as a topic below their notice. Religion, ſay they with a ſneer, is the companion of melancholy minds; but, for the gayer part of the world, it is ill manners to mention it amongſt them. Be it ſo. But give me leave to add, that there is no ranker ſpecies of ill-breeding, than ſpeaking of it farcaſtically, or with contempt.

'RELIGION, ſtrictly ſpeaking, means 'that worſhip which men, from a ſenſe of 'duty, pay to that Being, unto whom

'they owe their own exiſtence, with all 'thoſe bleſſings and benefits which attend 'it.'

LET a man but reflect on this definition, and it will be impoſſible for him not to perceive, that treating this in a ludicrous way, muſt not only be unpolite, but ſhocking. Who, that has a regard for a man, would not ſtart at the thoughts of ſaying a baſe thing of his father before him? And yet, what a diſtance is there between the notion of a Father and a Creator! Since therefore no farther arguments are neceſſary to prove the inconſiſtence between Raillery and Religion, what can be more cogent to a polite man, than thus ſhewing, that ſuch diſcourſes of his would be mal a propos?

THUS much for thoſe who might be guilty of Unpoliteneſs, with reſpect to Religion in general, a fault unaccountably common in an age which pretends to be ſo polite.

As to particular religions, or rather tenets in religion, men are generally warm

in them, from one of theſe two reaſons, viz. tenderneſs of conſcience, or a high ſenſe of their own judgments. Men of plain parts, and honeſt diſpoſitions, look on ſalvation as too ſerious a thing to be jeſted with: A polite man, therefore, will be cautious of offending upon that head, becauſe he knows it will give the perſon to whom he ſpeaks Pain, a thing ever oppoſite to the character of a poliſhed Philoſopher. The latter reaſon, which I have aſſigned for mens zeal in religious matters, may ſeem to have leſs weight than the firſt; but he who conſiders it attentively, will be of another opinion. Men of ſpeculative religion, who are ſo from the conviction rather of their heads than their hearts, are not a grain leſs vehement than the real devotees. He who ſays a ſlight, or a ſevere thing of their faith, ſeems, to them, to have thereby undervalued their underſtandings, and will, conſequently, incur their averſion, which no man of common ſenſe would hazard for a lively expreſſion, much leſs a perſon of good breeding, who ſhould make it his chief aim to be well with all. As a mark of my own politeneſs, I will here take leave of this

ſubject, ſince, by dropping it, I ſhall oblige the gay part of my readers, as, I flatter myſelf, I have already done the graver part, from my manner of treating it.

Like ſome grave matron of a noble line,
With awful beauty does Religion ſhine.
Juſt ſenſe ſhould teach us to revere the dame;
Nor, by imprudent jeſts, to ſpot her fame.
In common life you'll own this reas'ning right,
That none but fools in groſs abuſe delight:
Then uſe it here——nor think our caution vain,
To be polite, men need not be profane.

NEXT to their concerns in the other world, men are, uſually, moſt taken up with the concerns of the Public here. The love of our country is among thoſe virtues, to which every man thinks he ſhould pretend: And the way in which this is generally ſhewn, is by falling into what we call Parties; where, if a large ſhare of good ſenſe allay not that heat, which is naturally contracted from ſuch engagements, a man ſoon falls into all the violences of Faction, and looks upon every one as his enemy, who does not expreſs himſelf about the public good in the ſame

terms he does. This is a harſh picture, but it is a juſt one, of the far greater part of thoſe who are warm in political diſputes. A polite man will therefore ſpeak, as ſeldom as he can, on topics, where, in a mixt company, it is almoſt impoſſible to ſay any thing that will pleaſe all.

To ſay truth, Patriotiſm, properly ſo called, is, perhaps, as ſcarce in this age, as in any that has gone before us. Men appear to love themſelves ſo well, that it ſeems not altogether credible, they ſhould, at every turn prefer their country's intereſt to their own. The thing looks noble indeed, and therefore, like a becoming habit, every body would put it on. But this is hypocriſy, you'll ſay, and therefore ſhould be detected! Here the Polite Philoſopher finds new inducements to caution: Sore places are always tender, and people at a maſquerade are in pain, if you do any thing which may diſcover their faces.

OUR philoſophy is not intended to make a man that four monitor who points out

folks faults, but to make them in love with their virtues; that is, to make himſelf and them eaſy while he is with them, and to do or ſay nothing, which, on reflection, may make them leſs his friends at their next meeting.

LET us explain this a little farther. The rules we offer are intended rather to guide men in company, than when alone: What we advance tends not ſo directly to amend people's hearts, as to regulate their conduct; a matter which we have already demonſtrated to be of no ſmall importance. Yet I beg you'll obſerve, that tho' Morality be not immediately our ſubject, we are far, however, from requiring any thing in our pupils contrary thereto.

A POLITE man may yet be religious, and, if his reaſon be convinced, attached to any intereſt which, in his opinion, ſuits beſt with that of the public, provided he conforms thus far to our ſyſtem, that, on no occaſion, he trouble others with the articles of his religious creed, or political engagements; or, by any ſtroke of wit or raillery, hazard for a laugh that diſpoſition

of mind, which is abſolutely neceſſary to make men eaſy when together.

WERE I, indeed, to indulge my own ſentiments, I ſhould ſpeak yet with greater freedom on this ſubject: Since there is ſo vaſt a diſproportion, when we come to compare thoſe who have really either a concern in the government, or the ſervice of their country more particularly at heart, and the men who pretend to either merely from a deſire of appearing of ſome conſequence themſelves. We ought, certainly, to avoid making one of this number, and aim, rather, at being quiet within ourſelves, and agreeable to thoſe among whom we live, let their political notions be what they will: Inaſmuch as this is a direct road to happineſs, which all men profeſs they would reach, if they could. *Pomponius Atticus*, whoſe character appears ſo amiable, from the concurring teſtimony of all who mention him, owed the greateſt part of that eſteem in which he lived, and of that reputation by which he ſtill ſurvives, unto his ſteady adherence to this rule. His benevolence made him love mankind

in general, and his good ſenſe hindered him from being tainted with thoſe party-prejudices which had bewitch'd his friends. He took not up arms for *Cæſar*, nor did he abandon Italy when *Pompey* withdrew with his forces, and had, in outward form, the ſanction of the commonwealth. He ſaw too plainly the ambition of both: Yet he preſerved his complacence for his friends in each party, without ſiding with either. Succeſs never made them more welcome to *Pomponius*, nor could any defeat leſſen them in his eſteem. When victorious, he viſited them, without ſharing in their power; and, when vanquiſhed, he received them, without conſidering any thing but their diſtreſs. In a few words, he entertained no hopes from the good fortune of his friends, nor ſuffered the reverſe of it to chill his breaſt with fear. His equanimity produced a juſt effect, and his univerſal kindneſs made him univerſally beloved.

I FANCY this picture of a diſpoſition, perfectly free from political fourneſs, will have an agreeable effect on many of my readers, and prevent their falling into a

common miſtake, that the circumſtances of public affairs, and the characters of public perſons, are the propereſt topicks for general converſation: Whereas they never conſider, that it is hard to find a company wherein ſomebody or other hath not either liking or diſtaſte; or has received injuries or obligations from thoſe who are likelieſt to be mentioned upon ſuch occaſions; and who, conſequently, will be apt to put a ſerious conſtruction on a ſlight expreſſion, and remember afterwards in earneſt, what the ſpeaker meant ſo much a jeſt, as never to have thought of it more. Theſe, perhaps, may paſs, with ſome, for trivial remarks; but with thoſe who regard their own eaſe, and have at all obſerved what conduces to make men diſagreeable to one another, I flatter myſelf, they will have more weight.

BEHAVIOUR is like architecture, the ſymmetry of the whole pleaſes us ſo much, that we examine not into its parts, which, if we did, we ſhould find much nicety required in forming ſuch a ſtructure; tho' to perſons of no taſte, the rules of either

art would ſeem to have little connection with their effects.

That true Politeneſs we can only call,
Which looks like JONES's * fabrick at White-hall:
Where juſt proportion we, with pleaſure, ſee,
Tho' built by rule, yet from all ſtiffneſs free.
Tho' grand, yet plain, magnificent, not fine,
The ornaments adorning the deſign.
It fills our minds with rational delight,
And pleaſes on reflection, as at ſight.

AFTER theſe admonitions, as to Religion and Politick's, 'tis very fit we obſerve another topick of modern diſcourſe, of which it is hard to ſay, whether it be more common, or more contrary to true politeneſs. What I mean, is the reflecting on mens profeſſions, and playing on thoſe general aſperſions, which have been fixt on them by a ſort of ill-nature hereditary to the world: And with this, as the third point which I promiſed to conſider, ſhall be ſhut up the more ſerious part of this eſſay.

IN order to have a proper idea of this

* Banqueting-houſe.

point, we muſt, firſt of all, conſider, that the chief cauſe, both of love and hatred, is Cuſtom. When men, from a long habit have acquired a facility of thinking clearly, and ſpeaking well in any ſcience, they, naturally, like that better than any other; and this liking, in a ſhort time, grows up to a warmer affection, which renders them impatient whenever their darling ſcience is decried in their hearing. A polite man will have a care of ridiculing phyſic before one of the faculty, talking diſreſpectfully of lawyers while gentlemen of the long-robe are by, or ſpeaking contemptibly of the clergy when with any of that order.

SOME criticks may, poſſibly, object that theſe are ſoleciſms of too groſs a nature, for men of tolerable ſenſe or education to be guilty of: But I appeal to thoſe who are moſt converſant in the world, whether this fault, glaring as it is, be not committed every day.

THE ſtricteſt intimacy can never warrant freedoms of this ſort, and it is, indeed, prepoſterous to think it ſhould, unleſs we

can ſuppoſe injuries are leſs evils when they are done us by friends, than when they come from other hands.

Exceſs of wit may oftentimes beguile:
Jeſts are not always pardon'd—by a ſmile,
Men may diſguiſe their malice at the heart,
And ſeem at eaſe—tho' feeling inward ſmart.
Miſtaken we—think all ſuch wounds, of courſe;
Reflection cures—alas! it makes them worſe.
Like ſcratches they with double anguiſh ſeize,
Rankle with time, and feſter by degrees.

LET us now proceed to ſpeak of raillery in general. Invective is a weapon worn as commonly as a ſword, and, like that, is often in the hands of thoſe who know not how to uſe it. Men of true courage fight but ſeldom, and never draw but in their own defence. Bullies are continually in ſquabbles, and, from the ferocity of their behaviour, become the terror of ſome companies, and the jeſt of more. This is juſt the caſe with ſuch as have a livelineſs of thought, directed by a propenſity to ill-nature: Indulging themſelves at the expence of others, they, by degeees, incur the diſlike of all. Meek tempers abhor, men of cool diſpoſitions deſpiſe, and thoſe

addicted to choler chaſtiſe them. Thus a licentiouſneſs of tongue, like a ſpirit of rapine, ſets one man againſt all; and the defence of reputation, as well as property, puts the human ſpecies on regarding a malevolent babler with a worſe eye than a common thief, becauſe Fame is a kind of goods, which, when once taken away, can hardly be reſtored. Such is the effigies of this human ſerpent: And who, when he has conſidered it, would be thought to have ſat for the piece?

IT is a thouſand to one my book feels the reſentment of *Draco*, from his ſeeing his own likeneſs in this glaſs.

A GOOD family, but no fortune, threw *Draco* into the army when he was very young. Dancing, fencing, and a ſmattering of French, are all the education either his friends beſtowed, or his capacity would allow him to receive. He has been now two years in town, and from ſwearing, drinking, and debauching country wenches, (the general rout of a military rake) the air of St *James'* has given his vices a new turn. By dint of an embroider'd coat, he

thruſts himſelf into the beau coffee-houſes, where a dauntleſs effrontery, and a natural volubility of tongue, conſpire to make him paſs for a fellow of wit and ſpirit.

A BASTARD ambition makes him envy every great character; and as he has juſt ſenſe enough to know, that his qualifications will never recommend him to the eſteem of men of ſenſe, or the favour of women of virtue, he has thence contracted an antipathy to both; and, by giving a boundleſs looſe to univerſal malice, makes continual war againſt Honour and Reputation, wherever he finds them.

HECATILLA is a female firebrand, more dangerous, and more artfully vindictive than *Draco* himſelf. Birth, wit, and fortune combine to render her conſpicuous, while a ſplenetick envy ſours her, otherwiſe amiable, qualities, and makes her dreaded as a poiſon doubly dangerous, grateful to the taſte, yet mortal in effect. All who ſee *Hecatilla* at a viſit, where the brilliancy of her wit heightens the luſtre of her charms, are, imperceptibly, delu-

ded into a concurrence with her in opinion, and ſuſpect not diſſimulation under the air of frankneſs, nor a ſtudied deſign of doing miſchief in a ſeemingly caſual ſtroke of wit. The moſt ſacred character, the moſt exalted ſtation, the faireſt reputation, defend not againſt the infectious blaſt of ſprightly raillery; borne on the wings of wit, and ſupported by a blaze of beauty, the fiery vapour withers the ſweeteſt bloſſoms, and communicates to all who hear her an involuntary diſlike to thoſe at whoſe merit ſhe points her ſatyr.

At ev'ning thus the unſuſpecting ſwain,
Returning homewards o'er a marſhy plain,
Pleas'd, at a diſtance, ſees the lambent light,
And, haſty, follows the miſchievous ſprite,
Through brakes and puddles, over hedge and ſtyle,
Rambles, miſguided, many a weary mile,
Confus'd, and wond'ring at the ſpace he'as gone,
Doubts, then believes, and hurries faſter on:
The cheat detected, when the vapour's ſpent,
Scarce he's convinc'd, and hardly can repent.

NEXT to theſe cautions with reſpect to raillery, which, if we examine ſtrictly, we ſhall find no better than a well-bred phraſe

for ſpeaking ill of folks, it may not be amiſs to warn our readers of a certain vehemence in diſcourſe exceedingly ſhocking to others, at the ſame time that it not a little exhauſts themſelves.

IF we trace this error to its ſource, we ſhall find that the ſpring of it is an impatience at finding others differ from us in opinion: And can there be any thing more unreaſonable, than to blame that diſpoſition in them, which we cheriſh in ourſelves?

IF ſubmiſſion be a thing ſo diſagreeable to us, why ſhould we expect it from them? Truth only can juſtify tenaciouſneſs in opinion. Let us calmly lay down what convinces us, and, if it is reaſonable, it will hardly fail of perſuading thoſe to whom we ſpeak. Heat begets heat, and the claſhing of opinions ſeldom fails to ſtrike out the fire of diſſention.

As this is a foible more eſpecially incident to the fair ſex, I think it will be highly neceſſary to offer another, and, perhaps, a more cogent argument to their conſide-

ration. Paſſion is a prodigious enemy to beauty; it ruffles the ſweeteſt features, diſcolours the fineſt complexion, and, in a word, gives the air of a Fury to the face of an Angel. Far be it from me to lay reſtraints upon the ladies, but, in diſſuading them from this method of enforcing their ſentiments, I put them upon an eaſier way of effecting what they deſire; for what can be denied to beauty, when ſpeaking with an air of ſatisfaction? Complacence does all that vehemence would extort, as anger can alone abate the influence of their charms.

Serene and mild we view the ev'ning air,
The pleaſing picture of the ſmiling fair,
A thouſand charms our ſeveral ſenſes meet,
Cooling the breeze, with fragrant odours ſweet.
But ſudden if the ſable clouds deform
The azure ſky, and threat the coming ſtorm,
Haſty we flee——e'er yet the thunders roar,
And dread what we ſo much admir'd before.

To Vehemence in diſcourſe, let me join Redundancy in it alſo, a fault flowing rather from careleſſneſs than deſign, and which is more dangerous, from its being more neglected. Paſſion, as I have hint-

ed, excites oppoſition; and that very oppoſition, to a man of tolerable ſenſe, will be the ſtrongeſt reproof for his inadvertency: Whereas a perſon of a loquacious diſpoſition, may often eſcape open cenſure from the reſpect due to his quality, or from an apprehenſion in thoſe with whom he converſes, that a check would but increaſe the evil, and, like curbing a hard-mouth'd horſe, ſerve only to make him run the faſter; from whence the perſon in fault is often rivetted in his error, by miſtaking a ſilent contempt for profound attention.

PERHAPS this ſhort deſcription may ſet many of my readers right, which, whatever they may think of it, I aſſure them is of no ſmall importance. Converſation is a ſort of Bank, in which all who compoſe it have their reſpective ſhares. The man therefore who attempts to engroſs it, treſpaſſes upon the rights of his companions; and whether they think fit to tell him ſo, or no, will, of conſequence, be regarded as no fair dealer. Notwithſtanding I conſider converſation in this light, I think it neceſſary to obſerve, that it differs from

other copartnerſhips in one very material point, which is this, that it is worſe taken if a man pays in more than his proportion, than if he had not contributed his full quota, provided he be not too far deficient: For the prevention of which, let us have *Horace*'s caution continually in our eye.

The indiſcreet, with blind averſion run
Into one fault, when they another ſhun.

IT is the peculiar privilege of the Fair, that, ſpeaking or ſilent, they never offend. Who can be weary of hearing the ſofteſt harmony? or, who, without pleaſure, can behold beauty, when his attention is not diverted from her charms by liſtening to her words? I would have ſtopt here, but that my deference for the Ladies obliges me to take notice, that ſome of their own ſex, when paſt the noon of life, or in their wane of power, from ſome other reaſon, are apt to place an inclination of obliging their hearers amongſt thoſe topicks of detraction, by which they would reduce the luſtre of thoſe ſtars that now gild the hemiſphere, where they once ſhone.

FROM this cauſe only, I would adviſe the reigning Toaſts, by an equality of behaviour, to avoid the cenſure of theſe ill-natur'd tatlers.

Such hapleſs fate attends the young and fair,
Expos'd to open force, and ſecret ſnare:
Purſu'd by men, warm with deſtructive fire,
Againſt their peace, while female frauds conſpire.
Eſcap'd from thoſe, in vain they hope for reſt:
What fame's ſecure from an invidious jeſt?
By flight the deer, no more of dogs afraid,
Falls by a ſhot from ſome dark covert made.
So envious tongues their foul intentions hide,
Wound, tho' unſeen, and kill e'er they're deſcry'd.

OF all the follies which men are apt to fall into, to the diſturbance of others, and leſſening of themſelves, there is none more intolerable than continual Egotiſms, and a perpetual inclination to ſelf-panegyric. The mention of this weakneſs is ſufficient to expoſe it, ſince, I think, no man was ever poſſeſs'd of ſo warm an affection for his own perſon, as deliberately to aſſert, that it, and its concerns, are proper topicks to entertain company. Yet there

are many who, through want of attention, fall into this vein, as ſoon as the converſation begins to acquire life: They lay hold of every opportunity of introducing themſelves, deſcribing themſelves, and, if people are ſo dull as not to take the hint, of commending themſelves: Nay, what is more ſurpriſing than all this, they are amazed at the coldneſs of their auditors, forgetting that the ſame paſſion inſpires almoſt every body, and that there is ſcarce a man in the room who has not a better opinion of himſelf than of any body elſe.

DISQUISITIONS of this ſort into human nature belong properly unto ſages in Polite Philoſophy; for the firſt principle of true Politeneſs is, not to offend againſt ſuch diſpoſitions of the mind, as are almoſt inſeparable from our ſpecies. To find out, and methodize theſe, requires no ſmall labour and application. The fruits of my reſearches on this ſubject I communicate freely to the public; but muſt, at the ſame time, exhort my readers to ſpare, now and then, a few minutes to ſuch reflections, which will, at leaſt, be attended with this good conſequence, that it will

open a ſcene which hath Novelty, that powerful charm, to recommend it.

BUT I muſt beware of growing ſerious again. I am afraid my gravity may have diſobliged ſome of the Beau-monde already.

He who intends t'adviſe the young and gay,
Muſt quit the common road——the formal way
Which hum-drum pedants take to make folks wiſe,
By praiſing virtue, and decrying vice.
Let parſons tell what dreadful ills will fall
On ſuch as liſten when their paſſions call:
We from ſuch things our pupils to affright,
Say not they're Sins, but that they're Unpolite.
To ſhew their courage, Beaus wou'd often dare,
By blackeſt crimes to brave old Lucifer.
But who, of breeding nice, of carriage civil,
Wou'd treſpaſs on good manners for the devil,
Or, merely to diſplay his want of fear,
Be damn'd hereafter to be laugh'd at here.

IT cannot be expected from me, that I ſhould particularly criticiſe on all thoſe foibles, through which men are offenſive to others in their behaviour: Perhaps too, a detail of this kind, however exact, might

be thought tedious, it may be, conſtrued into a breach of thoſe rules, for a ſtrict obſervance of which I contend. In order therefore to diverſify a ſubject, which can no other way be treated agreeably, permit me to throw together a ſet of characters I once had the opportunity of ſeeing, which will afford a juſt picture of theſe marplots in converſation, and which my readers, if they pleaſe, may call the Aſſembly of Impertinents.

THERE was a coffee-houſe in that end of the town where I lodged ſome time ago, at which ſeveral gentlemen uſed to meet of an evening, who, from a happy correſpondence in their humours and capacities, entertain'd each other agreeably from the cloſe of the afternoon, till it was time to go to bed.

ABOUT ſix months this ſociety ſubſiſted with great regularity, tho' without any reſtraint: Every gentleman who frequented the houſe, and had converſed with the erectors of this occaſional club, were invited to paſs an evening, when they thought

fit, in a room one pair of ſtairs ſet apart for that purpoſe.

THE report of this meeting drew one night, when I had the honour of being here, three gentlemen of diſtinction, who were ſo well known to moſt of the members, that admittance could not be refuſed them. One of them, whom I chuſe to call major *Ramble*, turn'd of threeſcore, and who had an excellent education, ſeiz'd the diſcourſe about an hour before ſupper, and gave us a very copious account of the remarks he had made in three years travels through Italy. He began with a geographical deſcription of the dominions of his Sardinian majeſty, as duke of Savoy; and, after a digreſſion on the fortifications of Turin, in ſpeaking of which he ſhewed himſelf a perfect engineer, he proceeded to the ſecret hiſtory of the intrigues of that Court, from the propoſal of the match with Portugal, to the abdication of king *Victor Amadeus*. After this he run over the general hiſtory of Milan, Parma, and Modena, dwelt half an hour on the adventures of the laſt duke of Mantua, gave us

a haſty ſketch of the Court of Rome, transferr'd himſelf from thence to Naples, repeated the inſurrection of *Maſſaniello*, and, at a quarter before ten, finiſhed his obſervations with the recital of what happened at the reduction of that kingdom to the obedience of the late emperor. What contributed to make this conduct of his the more out-of-the-way was, that every gentleman in the room had been in Italy as well as he; and one of them, who was a merchant, was the very perſon at whoſe houſe the Major reſided when at Naples. Poſſibly, he might imagine the knowledge they had in thoſe things might give them a greater reliſh for his animadverſions; or, to ſpeak more candidly, the deſire of diſplaying his own parts, buried every other circumſtance in oblivion.

JUST as the Major had done ſpeaking, a gentleman called for a glaſs of water, and happened to ſay, after drinking it, that he found his conſtitution much mended ſince he had left off malt-liquor. Doctor *Hectic*, another of the ſtrangers, immediately laid hold of this opportunity, and

gave us a large account of the virtues of water, confirming whatever he advanced from the works of the moſt eminent phyſicians. From the main ſubject, he made an eaſy tranſition to medicinal baths and ſprings; nor were his ſearches bounded by our own country, he condeſcended to acquaint us with the properties of the ſprings of Bourbon, particularized the genuine ſmell of Spa water, applauded the wonderful effects of the Pyrmont Mineral, and, like a true patriot, wound up his diſquiſitions with preferring Aſtrop wells (within three miles of which he was born) to them all. It was now turned of eleven; when the Major and Doctor took their leaves, and went away together in a hackney-coach.

THE company ſeemed inclinable to extend their uſual time of ſitting, in order to divert themſelves after the night's fatigue: When Mr *Papilio*, the third new comer, made two or three ſevere reflections on the oddity of ſome people's humours, who were for impoſing their own idle conceits, as things worthy the atten-

tion of a whole company; though, at the ſame time, their ſubjects were trivial, and their manner of treating them inſipid. For my part, continued he, gentlemen, moſt people do me the honour to ſay, that few perſons underſtand Medals better than I do. To put the muſty ſtories of theſe queer old men out of our heads, I'll give you the hiſtory of a valuable Medallion, which was ſent me, about three weeks ago, from Venice. Without ſtaying for any farther mark of approbation than ſilence, he entered immediately on a long diſſertation; in which he had ſcarce proceeded ten minutes, before his auditors, loſing all patience, followed the example of an old Turkey merchant, who, taking up his hat and gloves, went directly down ſtairs, without ſaying a word.

ANIMADVERSIONS on what I have related, would but treſpaſs upon the patience of my readers; wherefore, in the place of them, let me offer a few remarks in verſe, where my genius may be more at liberty, and vivacity atone for want of method.

Who would not chuſe to ſhun the gen'ral ſcorn,
And fly contempt?—a thing ſo hardly born,
This to avoid—let not your tales be long:
The endleſs ſpeaker's ever in the wrong,
And all abhor intemperance of tongue.
Tho' with a fluency of eaſy ſounds,
Your copious ſpeech with ev'ry grace abounds:
Tho' wit adorn, and judgment give it weight,
Diſcretion muſt your vanity abate,
E'er your tyr'd hearers put impatience on,
And wonder when the larum will be down.
Nor think, by art, attention can be wrought,
A flux of words will ever be a fault.
Things without limit we, by nature, blame,
And ſoon are cloy'd with pleaſure, if the ſame.

HITHERTO we have dwelt only on the blemiſhes of converſation, in order to prevent our readers committing ſuch offences, as abſolutely deſtroy all pretences to Politeneſs. But as a man cannot be ſaid to diſcharge the duty he owes to ſociety, who contents himſelf with barely doing nothing amiſs; ſo lectures on Polite Philoſophy, after removing theſe obſtacles, may reaſonably be expected to point out the method whereby true Politeneſs may be obtained. But, alas! that is not to be done by words. Rocks and tempeſts are

eaſily painted, but the rays of Phœbus defy the pencil.

METHINKS I ſee my auditors in ſurpriſe. What, ſay they, have we attended ſo long in vain? have we liſtened to no purpoſe? Muſt we content ourſelves with knowing how neceſſary a thing Politeneſs is, without being told how to acquire it? Why, really, gentlemen, it is juſt ſo. I have done all for you that is in my power; I have ſhewn you what you are not to be: In a word, I have explained Politeneſs negatively: If you would know it poſitively, you muſt ſeek it from company and obſervation. However, to ſhew my own good breeding, I will be your humble ſervant as far as I can; that is, I'll open the door, and introduce you, leaving you then at the ſingle point, where I can be of no farther uſe, *id eſt*, Application.

THE world is a great ſchool, wherein men are firſt to learn, and then to practiſe. As fundamentals in all ſciences ought to be well underſtood, ſo a man cannot be too attentive at his firſt becoming acquainted with the public: For experience

is a neceſſary qualification in every diſtinguiſhed character, and is as much required in a fine gentleman, as in a ſtateſman. Yet it is to be remarked, that experience is much ſooner acquired by ſome, than by others: For it does not conſiſt ſo much in a copious remembrance of whatever has happened, as in a regular retention of what may be uſeful. As a man is properly ſtiled learned, from his making a juſt uſe of reading, and not from his having peruſed a multitude of books.

As ſoon as we have gained knowledge, we ſhall find the beſt way to improve it will be by Exerciſe, in which two things are carefully to be avoided, Poſitiveneſs and Affectation: If to our care in ſhunning them, we add a deſire of obliging thoſe with whom we converſe, there is little danger, but that we become all we wiſh; and Politeneſs, by an imperceptible gradation, will enter into our minuteſt actions, and give a luſtre to every thing we do.

Near to the far extended coaſts of Spain,
Some iſlands triumph o'er the raging main,

Where dwelt of old——as tuneful poets ſay,
Slingers, who bore from all the prize away.
While infants yet——they're feeble nerves they try'd
Nor needful food, till won by art, ſupply'd.
Fix'd was the mark—the youngſter oft, in vain,
Whirl'd the miſguided ſtone with fruitleſs pain:
Till, by long practice, to perfection brought,
With eaſy ſlight their former taſk they wrought.
Swift from their arm th' unerring pebble flew,
And, high in air, the flutt'ring victim ſlew.
So in each art men riſe but by degrees,
And days of labour lead to years of eaſe.

THE duke *de Rochefaucaut*, who was eſteemed the moſt brilliant wit in France, ſpeaking of Politeneſs, ſays, That a citizen will hardly acquire it at court, and yet may eaſily attain it in the camp. I ſhall not enter into the reaſon of this, but offer my readers a ſhorter, pleaſanter, and more effectual method of arriving at the ſummit of genteel behaviour; that is, by converſing with the ladies.

THOSE who aim at panygeric, are wont to aſſemble a throng of glittering ideas, and then, with great exactneſs, cloath them with all the elegance of language, in

order to their making the moſt magnificent figure, when they come abroad in the world. So copious a ſubject as the praiſes of the Fair may, in the opinion of my readers, lay me under great difficulties in this reſpect. Every man of good underſtanding, and fine ſenſe, is in pain for one who has undertaken ſo hard a taſk: Hard indeed to me, who, from many years ſtudy of the ſex, have diſcovered ſo many perfections in them, as ſcarce as many more years would afford me time to expreſs. However, not to diſappoint my readers, or myſelf, by foregoing that pleaſure I feel in doing juſtice to the moſt amiable part of the creation, I will indulge the natural propenſity I have to their ſervice, and paint, tho' it be but in miniature, the excellencies they poſſeſs, and the accompliſhments which, by reflection, they beſtow.

As when ſome poet, happy in his choice
Of an important ſubject——tunes his voice
To ſweeter ſounds, and more exalted ſtrains,
Which from a ſtrong reflection he attains.
As *Homer*, while his heroes he records,
Transfuſes all their fire into his words.

So we, intent, the charming ſex to pleaſe,
Act with new life, and an unwonted eaſe,
Beyond the limits of our genius ſoar,
And feel an ardor quite unknown before.

THOSE who, from wrong ideas of things, have forced themſelves into a diſlike of the ſex, will be apt to cry out, Where would this fellow run? Has he ſo long ſtudied women, and does he not know what numbers of affected prudes, gay coquettes, and giddy impertinents there are amongſt them?—Alas! gentlemen, what miſtakes are theſe? How will you be ſurpriz'd if I prove to you, that you are in the ſame ſentiments with me, and that you could not have ſo warm reſentments at theſe Peccadilloes, if you did not think the ladies more than mortal?

ARE the faults you would paſs by in a friend, and ſmile at in an enemy, crimes of ſo deep a dye in them, as not to be forgiven? And can this flow from any other principle, than a perſuaſion, that they are more perfect in their nature than we, and their guilt the greater therefore, in departing, even in the ſmalleſt degree, from

that perfection? Or can there be a greater honour to the ſex, than this dignity, which even their enemies allow them, to ſay, 'Truth, Virtue, and Women owe leſs to 'their friends than to their foes;' ſince the vicious, in both caſes, charge their own want of taſte on the weakneſs of human nature, purſue groſſer pleaſures becauſe they are at hand, and neglect the more refined, as things of which their capacities afford them no idea.

Born with a ſervile guſt to ſenſual joy,
Souls of low taſte the ſacred flame deſtroy,
By which, allied to the etherial fire,
Celeſtial views the heroe's thoughts inſpire:
Teach him in a ſublimer path to move,
And urge him on to glory and to love;
Paſſions which only give a right to fame,
To preſent bleſs, and to a deathleſs name.
While thoſe mean wretches, with juſt ſhame o'er ſpread,
Live on unknown—and are, unheard-of, dead.

MR DRYDEN, who knew human nature, perhaps, as well as any man whoever ſtudied it, has given us a juſt picture of the force of female charms, in the ſtory of *Cymon* and *Iphigenia*. *Boccace*, from whom

he took it, had adorned it with all the tinſel finery an Italian compoſition is capable of: The Engliſh poet, like moſt Engliſh travellers, gave Sterling ſilver in exchange for that ſuperficial gilding, and beſtowed a moral, where he found a tale. He paints in *Cymon* a ſoul buried in a confuſion of ideas, informed with ſo little fire, as ſcarce to ſtruggle under the load, or afford any glimmerings of ſenſe. In this condition, he repreſents him ſtruck with the rays of *Iphigenia*'s beauty; kindled by them, his mind exerts its powers, his intellectual faculties ſeem to awake, and that uncouth ferocity of manners, by which he had hitherto been diſtinguiſhed, gave way to an obliging behaviour, the natural effect of love!

THE Moral of this Fable is a truth which can never be inculcated too much. It is to the fair Sex we owe the moſt ſhining qualities of which ours is maſter: As the Ancients inſinuated with their uſual addreſs by painting, both the Virtues and Graces as females. Men of true taſte feel a natural complacence for women when they converſe with them, and fall, without

knowing it, upon every art of pleaſing, which is the diſpoſition at once the moſt grateful to others, and the moſt ſatisfactory to ourſelves. An intimate acquaintance with the other Sex, fixes this Complacence into a Habit, and that Habit is the very eſſence of Politeneſs.

NAY, I preſume to ſay, Politeneſs can be no other way attained. Books may furniſh us with right ideas, Experience may improve our judgments, but it is the acquaintance of the Ladies only, which can beſtow that eaſineſs of addreſs, whereby the Fine Gentlemen is diſtinguiſhed from the Scholar, and the Man of Buſineſs.

THAT my readers may be perfectly ſatisfied in a point, which I think of ſo great importance, let us examine this a little more ſtrictly.

THERE is a certain conſtitutional Pride in men, which hinders their yielding in point of Knowledge, Honour, or Virtue to one another: This immediately forſakes us at the ſight of Woman: And the

being accuſtomed to ſubmit to the ladies, gives a new turn to our ideas, and opens a path to reaſon, which ſhe had not trod before; things appear in another light, and that degree of Complacency ſeems now a Virtue, which heretofore we regarded as a Meanneſs.

I HAVE dwelt the longer on the charms of the Sex, ariſing from the perfection viſible in their exterior compoſition, becauſe there is the ſtrongeſt analogy between them, and the excellencies which, from a nicer enquiry, we diſcover in the minds of the fair. As they are diſtinguiſhed from the robuſt make of Man by that delicacy, expreſs'd by nature in their form; ſo the ſeverity of maſculine ſenſe is ſoftened by a ſweetneſs peculiar to the female ſoul. A native capacity of pleaſing attends them through every circumſtance of life, and, what we improperly call, the Weakneſs of the Sex, gives them a ſuperiority unattainable by Force.

THE fable of the north wind and the ſun contending to make the man throw off his cloak, is not an improper picture of

the ſpecific difference between the powers of either ſex. The bluſtering fierceneſs of the former, inſtead of producing the effect at which it aimed, made the fellow but wrap himſelf up the cloſer; yet no ſooner did the ſun-beams play, than that which before protected, became now an incumbrance.

JUST ſo, that Pride which makes us tenacious in diſputes between man and man, when applied to the Ladies, inſpires us with an eagerneſs not to contend, but to obey.

To ſpeak ſincerely and philoſophically, Women ſeem deſigned by Providence to ſpread the ſame ſplendour and chearfulneſs through the intellectual œconomy, that the celeſtial bodies diffuſe over the material part of the creation. Without them, we might, indeed, contend, deſtroy, and triumph over one another: Fraud and Force would divide the world between them, and we ſhould paſs our lives, like ſlaves, in continual toil, without the proſpect of pleaſure or relaxation.

IT is the converſation of Women that gives a proper biaſs to our inclinations, and, by abating the ferocity of our paſſions, engages us to that gentleneſs of deportment, which we ſtile humanity. The tenderneſs we have for them ſoftens the ruggedneſs of our own nature, and the virtues we put on to make the better figure in their eyes, keep us in humour with ourſelves.

I SPEAK it without affectation or vanity, that no man has applied more aſſiduouſly than myſelf to the ſtudy of the fair ſex, and I aver it with the greateſt ſimplicity of heart, that I have not only found the moſt engaging and moſt amiable, but alſo the moſt generous and heroic qualities amongſt the Ladies; and that I have diſcovered more of candour, diſintereſtedneſs, and fervour in their friendſhips, than in thoſe of our own ſex, tho' I have been very careful, and particularly happy in the choice of my acquaintance.

MY readers will, I dare ſay, obſerve, and indeed I deſire they ſhould, a more than ordinary zeal for inculcating a high

eſteem of, and a ſincere attachment to the Fair. What I propoſe from it is, to rectify certain notions, which are not only deſtructive of all Politeneſs, but, at the ſame time, detrimental to ſociety, and incompatible with the dignity of human nature. Theſe have, of late years, ſpread much amongſt thoſe who aſſume to themſelves the title of fine gentlemen; and, in conſequence thereof, talk with great freedom of thoſe, from whom they are in no danger of being called to an account. There is ſo much of baſeneſs, cowardice, and contempt of truth in this way of treating ſuch, as are alone capable of making us truly and rationally happy, that to conſider the crime, muſt be ſufficient to make a reaſonable man abhor it. Levity is the beſt excuſe for a tranſient ſlip of this kind; but to perſiſt in it, is evidently deſcending from our own ſpecies, and as far as we are able putting on the Brute.

Fram'd to give joy, the lovely ſex are ſeen,
Beauteous their form, and heav'nly in their mein;
Silent, they charm the pleas'd beholder's ſight,
And ſpeaking, ſtrike us with a new delight;

Words when pronounc'd by them bear each a dart,
Invade our ears, and reach thro' them the heart.
To no ill ends the glorious paſſion ſways,
By love and honour bound, the youth obeys;
Till, by his ſervice won, the grateful fair
Conſents, in time, to eaſe the lover's care,
Seals all his hopes, and, in the bridal kiſs,
Gives him a title to untainted bliſs.

I CHUSE to put an end to my lecture on Politeneſs here, becauſe, having ſpoke of the ladies, I would not deſcend again to any other ſubject. In the current of my diſcourſe, I have taken pains to ſhew the uſe and amiableneſs of that art which this Treatiſe was written to recommend; and have drawn, in as ſtrong colours as I was able, thoſe ſoleciſms in behaviour, which men, either through giddineſs, or a wrong turn of thought, are moſt likely to commit.

PERHAPS the Grave may think I have made Politeneſs too important a thing, from the manner in which I have treated it: Yet, if they will but reflect, that a Stateſman in the moſt auguſt aſſembly, a Lawyer of the deepeſt talents, and a Di-

vine of the greateſt parts, muſt notwithſtanding have a large ſhare of Politeneſs, in order to engage the attention, and biaſs the inclination of his hearers, before he can perſuade them, they'll be of another opinion, and confeſs that ſome care is due to acquiring that Quality which muſt ſet off all the reſt.

THE gayer part of my readers may, probably, find fault with thoſe reſtraints which may reſult from the rules I have here laid down: But I would have theſe gentlemen remember, that I point out a way whereby, without the trouble of Study, they may be enabled to make no deſpicable figure in the world, which, on mature deliberation, I flatter myſelf, they will think no ill exchange. The Ladies will, I hope, repay my labours, by not being diſpleas'd with this offer of my ſervice. And thus, having done all in my power towards making folks agreeable to one another, I pleaſe me with the hopes of having procured a favourable reception for myſelf.

When gay Petronius, to correct the age,
Gave way, of old, to his ſatyric rage;

This motely form he for his writings choſe,
And chequer'd lighter verſe with graver proſe.
When, with juſt malice, he deſign'd to ſhew,
How far unbounded vice, at laſt, would go,
In proſe we read the execrable tale,
And ſee the face of ſin without a veil;
But when his ſoul, by ſome ſoft theme inſpir'd,
The aid of tuneful poetry requir'd,
His numbers with peculiar ſweetneſs ran,
And in his eaſy verſe we ſee the man.
Learn'd without pride, of taſte correct, yet free
Alike from niceneſs, and from pedantry;
Careleſs of wealth, yet liking decent ſhew,
In fine, by birth a wit, by trade a beau.
Freely he cenſur'd a licentious age,
And him I copy, tho' with chaſter page;
Expoſe the evils in which brutes delight,
And ſhew how eaſy 'tis to be Polite.
Exhort our erring youth—to mend in time,
And lectures give for mem'ry's ſake—in rhyme,
Teaching this art—to paſs thro' life at eaſe,
Pleas'd in ourſelves, while all around we pleaſe.

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